

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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FEBRUARY 25, 1923

With the Help of Ann

BY ELIZABETH GALE

James Baker was walking slowly up Stony Hill. He was on his way to town to meet Mr. Anderson, the Scout Master, at the station at four o'clock to learn from where and at what hour the boys were to start the following day, on a hike. He had plenty of time, but that was not the only reason why he walked so slowly up the hill. Ann Vaughn, his new neighbor, was just ahead of him and he never spoke to a girl unless he was obliged to, and he certainly did not care to meet a strange one. Not that he had anything in particular against them, they were girls, that was all. But it was enough.

Along the roadside lay a disjointed line of huge drain pipes. He sat down on one of these and decided to wait until Ann's scarlet hat was exactly opposite the bramble patch half way up the hill.

Near the top of the hill and over to the right, was the only fenced-in field for some distance around, and here Mr. Fred Wilson kept Red Terror, a Texas Longhorn of fine breed but vicious temper. In fact he was such a dangerous animal that his owner had lately threatened to get rid of him, and as James sat there on the drain pipe he noticed that Red was not in the field now, and that the bars near the first fence post were down: Perhaps Mr. Wilson had already disposed of him.

Well, it was time to go on. Ann's hat was exactly on a line with the brambles, so James got up, took a step or two and then stood still feeling stiff and cold. In the open field across the way, just coming out from behind a clump of bushes, was Red Terror! His eyes were fixed on Ann's scarlet hat, his head was down and swaying rhythmically. He was moving forward slowly but with steadily increasing speed like a huge machine just gathering momentum.

James tried to scream but his first effort produced a sickly little squeak. Then he found his voice and shouted and shouted again and at the same time

started to run toward Ann. She turned at the first shout, saw Red and came running down toward James, and, after one earsplitting bellow, Red threw up his head and his tail and raced toward them so that it seemed as if all three would meet at the same spot.

He must save Ann! That was James' one thought. But how? If there had been a tree anywhere around he would have made for that, but there wasn't—there were *only drainpipes*! He veered toward them and Ann followed. "Crawl in," he commanded, and Ann made a hasty dive into the nearest opening. Just as Red came thundering up he followed her.



"CRAWL IN! HE COMMANDED"

Drawing by Stella Tuttle

"Go on! Go on!" commanded James, "he is going to buck this pipe."

Ann was going on as fast she could. She was two pipes ahead when James left the first one and Red struck it with a deafening blow and cracked it. He seemed stunned for a moment, and then he tried to gore it. He broke off a fragment or

two and tossed them. James looked out through the opening between two of the pipes and saw him. He saw, too, that as Ann went from one pipe to another her hat showed like a streak of flame. Just then Red noticed it too.

"Take your hat off," called James, "and hurry up."

"I forgot my hat," said Ann as she snatched it off.

"Hurry up!" repeated James.

"Hurry up yourself," said Ann, "he is going to buck that pipe in a minute."

"How do you know where he is going to buck?"

Ann did not answer: She was using all her breath for speed, and just as James left his pipe Red struck it, but more cautiously than he had butted the first one. These things were harder than he fancied and a little trickle of blood ran down from a cut at the side of his nose.

A short distance ahead a lot of tough little huckleberry bushes grew up around the pipes and when they reached these James called a halt. "We are safe here," he said, "the bushes protect the pipes and keep us from being seen so plainly between the openings." And then he repeated his question, "How did you know where Red was going to buck?" he asked.

"Well," said Ann, "I tore the ribbon off my hat when I took it off so I threw it back over the pipe I was leaving. I thought it would keep Red busy until we got out of the way."

James felt a little shock of surprise and then he remembered that this was Thursday, the day the little Davis children went to town to take their music lesson.

"We ought to get that bull back into his field," he said aloud.

"Do you think we could?" asked Ann.

"We could if you were a boy," returned James sadly, "but girls are such fraid-cats they never can do anything."

Ann made no reply. James looked through the pipe ahead and saw her lying there very straight and slim and frail looking.

"Give a girl something risky to do and she crumples up in the middle of it. Or else she forgets what you tell her and get things all balled up."

Ann still lay there, straight and silent.

"Girls haven't any head," continued James, "put them in a tight place and they never know which way to turn."

"How many girls do you know?" asked Ann, trying to look back at him over her shoulder.

"NONE!" returned James hotly.

"Oh," said Ann.

James put his head out and looked around again. There was no one in sight and Red was still worrying the scarlet ribbon. Slowly a plan was forming in his mind. To the right was the fenced-in field. But it was a pretty long run. He was afraid he could not make it before Red saw him. But there was a huge rock between him and the field. He might make that. Then, if he could keep that between him and The Terror he might reach the field. Yes, and once he got inside of the field he would try to have Red see him. He would attract his attention and decoy him to the far end and while he was there Ann might be able to put up the bars again. Of course, if she had been a boy it would have been all right, but it was just his luck to be caught in a fix like this with only a girl to help out.

He told Ann his plan.

"I am going to crawl on my stomach from here to that rock," he said. "I'll hide as well as I can behind the stones and little bushes until I reach it, and then I'll get up and leg it to the field, trying to keep the rock between us so that he won't see me until I am well inside. Now the thing I want you to do is to watch Red. Here, take this whistle, and the minute he sees me, blow like mad and I'll run for the far end of the field. Do you think you can do it?"

"Yes-s, if the whistle works," said Ann.

"It's a new one," returned James, "and if you can't blow that—"

"Red is looking the other way," Ann interrupted, "and if you are going, now is a good time to start."

James drew himself carefully out from his hiding place. He took particular pains not to shake the bushes or make any noise. Cautiously he wormed his way out to the open field and was glad to find that grass was longer than he had realized. But it was a flimsy sort of protection at best and he began to suspect that his plan was a poor one. When he was about half way to the rock he knew that it was. There was a terrific bellow and Red's heavy hoofbeats clattered on the road.

He wanted to get up and run, but he couldn't move. He was waiting to feel Red's hot breath on his neck, his sharp horns through his back. He waited for hours, it seemed, and they didn't come, so after a while he started on again and at last the rock was reached. It seemed

to him like a great, protecting friend as he stood up behind it and peeked cautiously back toward the road.

What he saw held him stiff with astonishment. Lifted up on a crooked stick between two of the drain pipes a remnant of Ann's gay hat appeared and, with a roar of rage, Red lunged at it. It disappeared and he butted the pipes. They were hard and unresponsive and his attention soon wandered. It was quickly brought back, however, by the reappearance of the hat and it occurred to James that this game might have been going on for some little time—probably since he had heard that first fierce bellow. Ann was holding Red's attention in this way, gaining time for him. Well, the thing for him to do, then, was to make good use of it, and with all the speed that he had he made for the fenced-in field at the nearest point of which Red had horned down the bars. But he had scarcely left the rock when the whistle blew, Red bellowed wildly, he thought he heard a girl's thin shriek and he knew that The Terror was after him.

Inside the fence was a tree, a miserable stunted little tree, but its branches were low and spreading and its main stalk reached up several feet higher. It was easy to climb—yes, very easy to climb if you only had time to do it. Somehow, in a nightmare of haste, he reached it, lifted himself up, climbed until the thinning branches swayed dangerously and then clung there, breathless, panting. Red was beneath him, wild eyed, bellowing, pawing the earth and tossing his head and daring him to come down.

"You old villain!" cried James, "I'd like to—" A rapid *tap, tap, tapping* interrupted him and he looked back and saw that the bars were up and Ann was wedging them firmly into the post sockets with stones. Also he saw that the Davis children were passing safely along the road to town. He drew a deep, satisfied breath, but his satisfaction did not last long. He remembered that he, too, had an errand in town and he was eager to get out of the tree as, a few minutes before, he had been to get into it.

Ann finished her work at the posts and leaned over the top rail. Red was circling the tree and did not even look in her direction.

"Say," James called down to her, "can't you do something to get me out of this?"

Ann pursed up her lips and studied the ground.

James repeated his question.

Slowly Ann shook her head. "I might if I were a boy," she said.

"I wouldn't expect you to do anything hard," returned James gently.

But Ann shook her head. "Girls are such fraidcats they can't do anything," she said sadly, "They are apt to crumple right up in the middle of things, and besides, I haven't any head. I might forget what you told me and get things all balled up."

For a minute James felt dizzy, and then he chuckled.

"If you put me in a tight place I wouldn't know what to do," continued Ann.

"Aw-w quit!" said James.

Ann looked up at him steadily for a moment and then she slipped down off the fence.

James' jaw dropped. So she was going to desert him like this! If that wasn't just like a girl! He'd never get to town in time now, and there would be no hike tomorrow.

But what was Ann running around the field for? He watched her. When she reached the farthest corner she climbed up on the fence, clapped her hands and shouted, Red looked over toward her carelessly. He had begun to graze now, but with one eye always on James. She shouted again and Red turned his back on her. Evidently a boy in the tree was worth a good many girls on the fence.

But Ann did not stay on the fence, she slipped between the rails and into the field. Red snorted. This was a different matter, someone was invading his domain. She was scarcely through the bars when up went his tail, his bellow seemed to split the earth, he spun around like a top and was after the invader.

James dropped quickly to the ground and raced to the fence. As he climbed it he looked back. Ann stood nicely beyond The Red Terror's reach, courtesying and throwing him kisses. When she saw James she came running toward him and he went to meet her.

"You are all right!" he exclaimed and held out his hand.

She took it in a firm, cordial grasp. "I am glad that you are too," she answered.

And then, over the brow of the hill came Mr. Wilson and several men with pitchforks.

"I heard that Red was out," he called to James, "You don't mean to tell me that you got him back again!"

"Yes, I did," admitted James, and he felt his spine stretch about two inches as he added gallantly, "*with the help of Ann.*"

Expert Testimony

THREE of the following men were experts in this field of knowledge: George Washington: "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind (war) banished from the earth."

U. S. Grant: "There never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found to prevent the drawing of the sword."

President Harding: "If I catch the conscience of America, we'll lead the world to outlaw war."

Gen. John F. O'Ryan: "I would be a traitor to my country if I did not do everything in my power to abolish war."

Our Dumb Animals.

Jimmy's Journey

BY CHRISTIANA JORDAN

JIMMIE Wingate sat on the doorsteps of his home. He was the saddest little boy in the world, for his dear mother was dead, and his step-father, who did not love Jimmy, had sold all the furniture and belongings, and was going to sell the house. Jimmy was to be sent to a Home for orphans, so that his step-father would not have to take care of him. All of his toys had been thrown away, except the most precious of all to Jimmy,—the little brown violin which his own daddy had given him. This Jimmy had hidden from his step-father, although he had no idea how he could take it to the Home.

As he sat on the steps, Jimmy was thinking hard. He hated the thought of going to the Home, but he could not think what else to do. Suddenly he heard, a little distance off, the whistle of the train, and at once an idea came to him. His mother had given him a little money before she died. He would take that and his dear violin, and he would go out West to be a cow-boy. He must start right away before his step-father should see him. He stole into the house and took his violin quietly. Then he slipped swiftly out the back door, and was off down the road before anyone saw him.

At the railroad station Jimmy was perplexed. He knew that he wanted to go out west, but he did not know just where to go. He decided to let the station-agent send him somewhere. He approached the office window, and said, "I want a ticket for out west."

The station-agent grinned, and said, "You do, do you? Well, now, what are you going to do out west?"

Jimmy told him his plan, but the man did not wish to give him a ticket, and said, "Your pa wouldn't like it if I sold you a ticket".

The boy was discouraged, but he was determined to go away. He resolved to get onto the train and go where it went. He boarded the train, and curled up in a seat, so as to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. The conductor came by, but, thinking Jimmy was with a woman nearby, he did not ask for a ticket.

After he had ridden for about an hour, the boy concluded that he must be out west where he wanted to be, so he got off at a little station called Safe Harbor. As he looked around, he was a little disappointed with the place. It did not seem like out west as he had imagined it, for there were no cow-boys nor Indians, and the only horses which he saw were not as wild as he had expected. He began to be lonesome and not a little homesick.

A dusty little road stretched ahead of him, so he decided to follow the way it led. He walked for some time, until his legs grew very tired. Then he sat down by the side of the road to rest, and,

Funny Bunny's Busy Day

RAYMOND KELLEY



A funny little bunny was walking out one day,
Just a-singing to himself in the funny bunny way,
When he chanced to meet a farmer, who was driving into town,

And the farmer stopped his horses just to watch the little clown.

Said the bunny to the farmer: "Will you give me of your hay?"

Said the farmer to the bunny: "If I do, you'll have to pay."

Replied the funny bunny: "I haven't any money

But if you'll trust me for the hay, I'll pay a pail of honey."

So the farmer left the hay, and the bunny went to see

If he could get the honey from old Humble-Bee.

He travelled o'er the mountain top and through the blooming dale,

to cheer himself up, he began to play a soft little tune which his dear mother used to sing to him.

When he had finished, he heard a voice say, "Pretty good, sonny, play us another."

Looking around, he saw a pleasant-faced man with a little girl. After Jimmy had played another piece which his daddy had taught him, the man said, "Where do you come from? You don't live around here, do you?"

Jimmy decided to trust this man, and told him about his journey and his life before he left home, and ended by saying, "I don't know where I'll go, but I want to be a cow-boy."

The man thought a moment, and then said, "Ain't you too young to be a cow-boy? I'll tell you what to do. You come and stay with me till you're a little older. I've got four youngsters now, but one more won't make much work."

Then turning to the little girl, he said, "You'd like another brother, wouldn't you, Flossie?"

The child nodded and took Jimmy's hand, saying, "Do come with us."

Jimmy went home with the man, who was named Mr. Mills. The mother of the family was surprised but also glad to see the little boy, and made him feel at home at once. He decided immediately that he would like to stay with such a nice family.

Jimmy's step-father was only too glad to give the boy to anyone who would take care of him, so everything was arranged quickly. Jimmy lived with his new father and mother very happily, and finally decided that he had rather be an engineer on a locomotive than a cow-boy.

And arrived at Humble Bumble's with his shiny little pail.

"Oh Humble Bumble, Humble, Oh Humble Bumble Bee,

Can you spare a pail of honey, just a little pail for me?"

Thus plead the funny bunny, as he stood beside the tree,

Deep down among whose rootlets lived old Humble Bumble Bee.

Now Humble Bumble wasn't home, but Humble Bumble's maid

Said: "My master trades his honey. What have you got to trade?"

Replied the funny bunny: "I will plow his field with clover."

Here's your honey, Funny Bunny. Bring your plow and come right over."

Funny Bunny paid the farmer, and from dawn to almost dark

He labored in that clover field as happy as a lark.

Late that night, he sank to slumber in his newly hay-lined nest,

Sighed the tired-out Funny Bunny: "I have surely earned my rest".

The Best Investment

BY H. O. SPELMAN

"I WISH someone would tell me where to invest five hundred dollars," exclaimed Wilbur, laying down his magazine. "This article on saving makes me want to put my money immediately out at interest. It tells of Andrew Carnegie's resolve to become a rich man when he received his first dividend on five shares of Adams Express Company stock. What a joy to draw a dividend every six months and not work for it."

"I can tell you," offered Uncle Nelson. "Invest it yourself. Then you'll know where it is and be sure it's safe."

"How can I?" asked Wilbur. "I've no time to find a place."

"You won't have to hunt long," replied Uncle Nelson, "invest it in yourself. There's no safer or more advantageous place."

"Years ago when Leland Stanford, who established Leland Stanford University, was only eighteen he made twenty-five hundred dollars selling railroad ties to the Mohawk and Hudson railway. It was a temptation to begin a career as a 'Young Napoleon of Finance,' but he was too wise a boy for that. He went to Albany, arranged to enter the law offices of a leading firm, and paid his way while studying until he was admitted to practice in the courts of the state of New York."

"That was a daring thing to do," exclaimed Wilbur. "I wonder if he ever regretted it."

"I think not," continued Uncle, "it took him three years, but no investment ever paid such dividends. It showed his confidence in himself. It is a pitiable sight to see a young man clinging to a little



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1639 LA LOMA AVE.,
BERKELEY, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck: My name is Gwendolen Morgan. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Berkeley. My teacher's name is Miss Eugenie Schutt. I am nine years old. Our Sunday school is in Unity Hall.

We had a Christmas play in the Chapel. I took part in it. Everybody said it was a very good play. Miss Rode took charge of it. It was about the birth of Jesus. There were shepherds, the three wise men, Joseph, Mary, the Angel, and Jesus. Mr. Leavens, our minister, read the story and the characters appeared in turn. There were many other characters in it but I cannot think of all of them.

I should like very much to join the Beacon Club.

Lovingly yours,
GWENDOLEN MORGAN.

431 SO. MAIN STREET,
ATHOL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I go to the First Unitarian Church of Athol. I am eleven years old and I like to read *The Beacon* very much. There are only three pupils in my class, Merle Woodward, June Chase and myself. My teacher is Mrs. Ellis. She is very nice and teaches us all a lot.

property, fearful of losing it, or so eager to increase it, that he lacks courage to invest it in himself. The secret of personal success is individual development. Spending money on oneself and investing money in oneself are two quite different policies. Fortunate is the young man who enriches himself. He is sure to succeed."

Church School News

THE church school at Lynn, Mass., of which Miss Blanche Merritt is Superintendent, has a fine record of attendance for this year. The enrolment of the school since the first of September has increased from 112 to 143 pupils. The average attendance for the month of November was 120 children and the average total attendance for the month, including children, teachers and officers and visitors has been 142 or 87 per cent. of the enrolment. The calendar for the first Sunday of each month prints a list of names of pupils in the school who have been present every Sunday during the preceding month. The list for November contains 78 names. This school, through its generous contributions for Thanksgiving supplies, was able to give cheer to 14 families including 61 individuals. The school had charge of a doll and toy table at the annual church fair.

The West Side Unitarian Church of New York City, of which Rev. Charles F. Potter is minister, makes an announcement of its church school on the December calendar as follows: The

I try to come to Sunday school every Sunday. I have always read the letters that are printed each Sunday and I enjoy *The Beacon* as well as any paper I have ever taken. I hope that somebody will write to me. I should like to be a member of the Club.

With love,
RACHEL SMITH.

37A HUBBARD AVENUE,
NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I like it very much. I attend the North Cambridge Community Church. The minister is Rev. Samuel O. Weems. He is very nice. My class is very small but the ones in it attend most every Sunday. I heard the Christmas story you told at the Unitarian Church and I enjoyed it very much.

Your grateful friend,
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are—Eva M. Freeman, Amherst; Alice Hunter, Boston 32; Elizabeth L. Burt, Canton; Phyllis Churchill, Cohasset; Louise Lutz, Dorchester; Phyllis Clarke, Fall River; Ashley Stetson, Greenfield; Lucy Stone, Longwood, Brookline; Raymond Turner, Hopedale; Elinor Meyer, No. Attleboro; Louise Grady, Petersham; Jane Bradford and Nancy Mellor, Plymouth; John Booth and William E. Holden, Quincy; Doris L. Talbot, Rosindale; Jane Johnson, Wellesley Hills; Natalie Drew and Barbara B. Oldham, Wollaston.

church school meets at eleven o'clock Sundays. The children attend the first part of the church service and then retire to their rooms before the sermon. The school is thoroughly modern, and the teachers are carefully chosen, trained and experienced educators and are all on salary. There is no tuition fee and all children are welcome.

The First Unitarian Church of Buffalo, N. Y., issues an admirable leaflet presenting the work of the school. The minister of the church, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, D.D., is Superintendent of the school. The leaflet quotes a poem by Dr. William C. Gannett entitled "We are laborers together with God" and in a foreword gives a careful and well thought out statement of the purposes of a church school and the features of the Buffalo school which should commend it to the congregation and to the community of which it is a part. Several pages are occupied with a statement of the grades, faculty and curriculum. The school is divided into departments including not only a Senior but a collegiate group, the latter containing one class of young men and one of young women. There is also an adult class of men and women led by Mr. Edward H. Letchworth. The "Friendly Class" meets during the session of the church and consists of all the boys and girls of the school above kindergarten age, but too young to attend the church service, whose parents desire to have them remain at the church during the church hour. There is quoted also on this excellent leaflet the school pledge and Our Faith.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is something we all have.
My 16, 10, 7, 20, is something to play.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 20, 4, is a narrow body of water.
My 7, 6, 21, is to put on the floor.
My 11, 5, 12, 20, is a numeral.
My 18, 20, 21, 22, 13, 14, 15, is to keep out mosquitoes.
My 17, 19, is an article.
My whole is a well known known Unitarian minister.

GRACE RUMBALL.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 5, 12, 19, is part of the head.
My 16, 25, 15, 22, is found in a tree.
My 3, 4, 17, 2, 1, 2, 19, 20, is a boy's name.
My 6, 7, 15, 8, 9, is a condition of the air on a windy day.
My 21, 26, 23, 24, is a boy's name.
My 10, 11, 14, 19, 21, 22, is to need water.
My 13, 18, 16, is a color.
My whole was said by Thomas Carlyle.

J. M.

WORD SQUARE

1. Moisture on plants.
2. Evening.
3. To marry.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

PRINTER'S PI

ureT chwrt si ni genib tno egemsni,
ni oindw ache ady hita egso yb
mSoc ttilei odog, nto ni dgenaimr
fO gtear tgish ot od yb nda yb.

roF wrheavte emm ays ni ssendnilb
nda ni pisto fo tite sfecaino to nyoh,
ceTshr gnibhot os ginkyl sa dinkessn,
nda thgnnoi os ylaor sa htur.

Firelight.

HIDDEN AUTHORS

1. Plignik.
2. Ydhra.
3. Vsetnaosn.
4. Sikcedn.
5. Tsoveoler.
6. Cmtraelekin.
7. Nva Kdey.
8. Gtnikmoart.

GRACE RUMBALL.

ANAGRAM

oD nuot streho sa uyo ouwld ttha ythe oldush od
nuot oyu.

WHAT IS IT?

An artist had one that was colored most fair;
A lady had one that she put on her hair;
A bootblack had one, and he used it for hire;
A farmer set his very quickly on fire;
A housemaid with hers cleaned a pantry one day,
And the red fox with his fled away and away.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—"The Mind in the Making."

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—I. Graham. 2. Helena. 3. Kingfisher. 4. Mississippi. 5. Ohio. 6. Raisin. MARION.

CHARADE.—Crab-bed.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.—All is not gold that glitters.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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